The Man of Destiny's hard Fortune;

OR,

Squire Ketch's DECLARATION.

CONCERNING

His late Confinement in the *Kings-Bench* and *Marshalsea*

VVhereby his hopeful Harvest was like to have been blasted.

TOGETHER

VVith his happy deliverance and promising prospect of encreasing Trade, to the great joy of himself and his magnificent Family.

AND

Several choice Observations Political and Moral, relating to the present juncture of his Eminences arduous Affairs.

With Allowance.

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THE

Man of Deſtiny's hard

FORTUNE;

OR,

Squire Ketch's

DECLARATION.

AFTER ſuch a multitude of ſignal *good Services* performed by my redoubted hand, ſo many *Heros* vanquiſhed, ſo many *diſtreſſed Ladies* put out of their pain; Labours undertook beyond the Skill of *Dun*, or cou-

 rage

rage of *Hercules*, *Monſters* ſubdued more miſchievous than ever Saint *George* fought with, or Sir *John Mandevil* wrote of; after ſo many *Traytors* barr'd from telling of *Tales*, (no ſmall Obligation to their Friends and Accomplices left behind) ſo many happy Divorces legally made between the *howling* Spouſe and the *ſmiling* Husband, the *wry-neckt* Husband and the *well-pleaſed* Spouſe, diſſolving a *Weſtminſter Wedding* with the laudable Ceremony of *White-Gloves*, and a *Hempen Collar* for *Mourning*; after theſe and a thouſand other meritorious Atchievments, ſhall the famous, the well-known, the redoutable, the dreadful *Squire Ketch*, Death's Harbinger, *Pluto*'s Van-courrier, Vice-roy of Fate, and ſole Monarch of the Triple Throne, now tamely be *Catch-pol'd*, *Nabb'd*, *ſpirited*, *Shoulder-dabb'd*, *Enchanted*, *Lavender'd*, and laid up in *pickle* in one of the Devil's *Pepper-boxes*? Shall I that have made out ſo many *Habeas Corpus*'s not returnable till Doomſday; put ſo many hundreds to the *Grand Out-lawry*, which all the *Juſtice-ſplitters* between *Chancery-lane* and Hell are never able to reverſe; now truckle to the Juriſdiction of a Raſcally ſneaking *Bum* and his *Captains*. How durſt the Varlets, knowing their own merits, attach my venerable perſon, without dreading *Revenge*, when *Juſtice* ere long ſhall ſubmit them to my mercy? Lies it not in the power of my Art to cure all Diſeaſes, of which our impudent Quacks, in their lying Bills, only pretend the Remedy? Have not I the undoubted

Faculty

Faculty of turning those into very handsome, well-favour'd Gentlemen in pittying Ladies Eyes, who all their lives were counted most ugly Rogues, before they came into my *Clutches*? Nay, is not *Rome* beholding to my pains for many of her Saints, who must obtain from me a *Certificate* of their *Merits*, and get a *passport* from my Office, before the *Pope*, with all his Infallibility, will venture to *Canonize* them? And is it not a thousand pities a person of such Quality and Endowments should *wither* in a loathsome hole amongst *Bankrupts* and Tatterdemallions, converse with louzy *Pump-suckers*, or be made free of the Worshipful Company of *Pegg-makers*, when there are so many *notable brave Fellows* abroad that *need* and *deserve* his most intimate acquaintance? I shall never forget the *Affronts* put upon me by those saucy Companions in my late Captivity; the jeers, the flouts, the thumps, and base usages I received from them: and why all this? because, forsooth, I was the *Hangman*; as if the Grand Executioner of Justice, that has done many a Gentleman a Courtesie, and hopes in due time to converse with others, were not Company good enough for such Raggamushins? But that which most of all vext my Guts, was the cause of my being impounded, and the unlucky time of it: The first was that ill favoured Crime, *Suspition of Debt*, which I hate for my part beyond all the seven *deadly Sins*; for most other Offences bring some *Grist* to my Mill, but what shall I get by Folks running into other

other peoples Books? 'tis true your ſubtile Bankrupts, that crack for thouſands, and, like Nine-pins tip down half a dozen honeſt *depending Tradeſmen*, cruſhing them, their Wives and Children, to the third and fourth Generation, with their fall, are in my ſimple Opinion as miſchievous Vermine, as he that *Mins* a bung, or plays the Man-midwife to a big-bellyed Portmanteau on the high Pad; yet ſtill give me the lofty generous Villain, that cries, The more danger the more honour; and will rather fright than wheadle Folks out of their Pence: Were it not for ſuch high mettled Lads, what ſhould poor *Jack* do for *Coats*, *Cravats*, and *Perriwigs*: But it was not only Debt, but on a moſt pitiful ſcore too; had it been for *Nappy Bub*, or flaming *Kill-Devil*, I could have been content to have ſuffered a ſhort *Martyrdom*; but to be charged with two and twenty Pounds, and odd Farthings, for *Milk*, Oh abominable! The World ſure will ſcandalize me for a *Milk-ſop*, and think I fed like an old *Brittain*, on nothing but *Cows-baubby*, drink only Whey like a Swine, or ſtuff my Guts every day with Fools, White-pot, and Cuſtard.

Then as to the Time, the Critical Time, not a long Vacation, but full Term, an opportunity for buſineſs under the moſt propitious Influences, for people of my profeſſion, that had been known in the memory of Man; to be taken off from ones Employment in ſuch a juncture fretted me ſo, that I

was

was ready to beſtow on my ſelf a *Caſt of my Office.*

Alas! How many *Croſſes and Caſualties are we poor* Tradeſmen *lyable to? There have, within this twelve Monthes, above twenty dyed in my Debt, having never a Shirt on: Then a* Burghlary *was committed upon my Shop, and two of the principal* Apartments *of that ancient* Edifice *ſtoln away. Nay of late, becauſe there began to be ſome ſmall* ſpringlings of a Trade, *the Rope-maker began to turn* Extortioner, *and ſwore he would raiſe the price of* Halters; *and a Raſcally* Popiſh Prieſt, *that promiſed me five pound for ſome Relicks of a late* Martyr, *is run into* Flanders, *and left me in the lurch. But thank my* Stars, *I am got out of* Limbo, *and thought fit to ſignifie ſo much to the world, that all perſons of Quality that have occaſion to make uſe of me, may know where to find me: I hope I ſhall weather all my troubles, there ſhortly begins a Grand* Mart *in the* Old Bayly, *and other Cuſtomers are coming on apace; If things fadge right, I doubt not but before* Mid-

Midſomer *to have twenty Guinnies with an Apprentice, and, in a* Caleſh *of my own, wait upon my well-beloved Sons in a Cart or Sledg, when they perform their laſt Pilgrimage to* TYBURN.

FINIS.